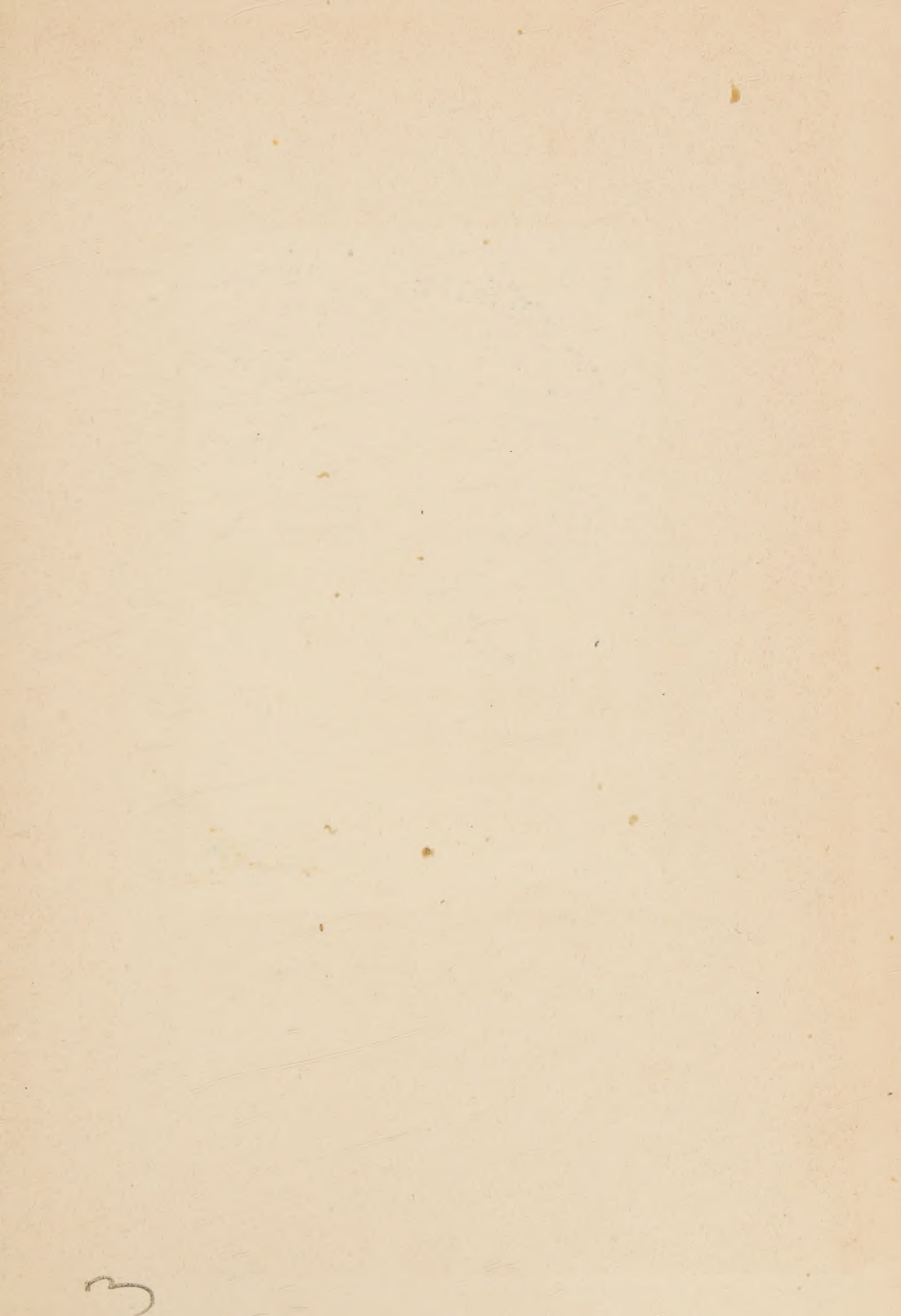
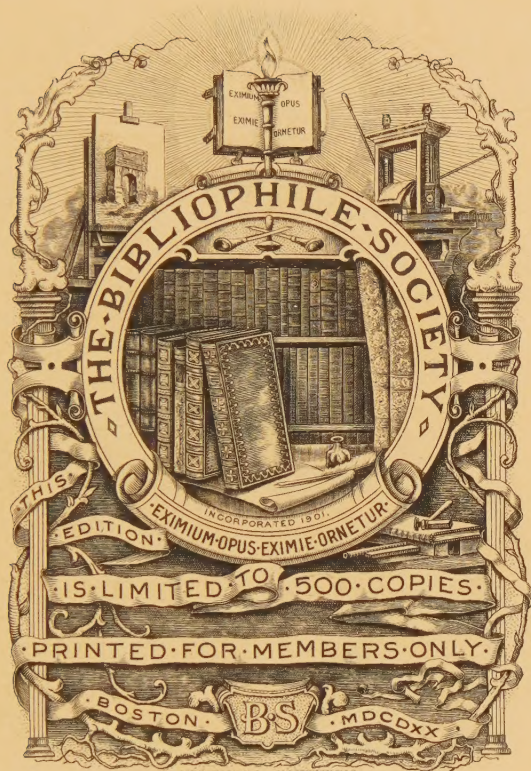




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NINETEENTH YEAR BOOK
THE BIBLIOPHILE SOCIETY
BOSTON MASSACHUSETTS



THE
NINETEENTH YEAR BOOK
1920



PRINTED FOR MEMBERS ONLY
THE BIBLIOPHILE SOCIETY
BOSTON MASSACHUSETTS
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OFFICERS AND COUNCIL FOR 1920

WILLIAM D. T. TREFRY, *President*

WILLIAM P. TRENT, *Vice-President*

HENRY H. HARPER, *Treasurer*

J. ARNOLD FARRAR, *Secretary*

HENRY CABOT LODGE

WILLIAM LINDSEY

EDWARD C. ROBINSON

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS

BE IT KNOWN, that whereas Nathan Haskell Dole, Henry H. Harper, Charles E. Hurd, J. Arnold Farrer, William D. T. Trefry, John Paul Bocock, and W. P. Trent have associated themselves with the intention of forming a corporation under the name of THE BIBLIOPHILE SOCIETY, for the purpose of the study and promotion of the arts pertaining to fine book making and illustration, and to the occasional publication of specially designed and illustrated books for distribution among its members at a minimum cost of production, and have complied with the provisions of the statutes of this Commonwealth in such cases made and provided, as appears from the certificate of the President, Treasurer, and Directors of said corporation, duly approved by the Commissioner of Corporations, and recorded in this office:

Now, THEREFORE, I, William M. Olin, Secretary of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, do hereby certify that said Nathan Haskell Dole, Henry H. Harper, Charles E. Hurd, J. Arnold Farrer, William D. T. Trefry, John Paul Bocock, and W. P. Trent, their associates and successors, are legally organized and established as and are hereby made an existing corporation under the name of THE BIBLIOPHILE SOCIETY, with the powers, rights, and privileges, and subject to the limitations, duties, and restrictions which by law appertain thereto.

WITNESS my official signature hereunto subscribed, and the seal of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts hereunto affixed, this fifth day of February, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and one.

{ S. L. }

(Signed)

WM. M. OLIN,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

REPORT OF THE COUNCIL

REPORT OF THE COUNCIL

In recording the activities of the Society since the last Year Book, the Council is pleased to report the completion of a work of surpassing interest—the “Letters and Poems of Queen Elisabeth (Carmen Sylva),” which was placed in the hands of the members last June. While the number of subscriptions, owing to the exigency of the times, was a little below those of previous years, yet this will tend to enhance the demand for the work in future, as it is not to be doubted that many of those who failed to procure it will find it desirable to do so later, as copies occasionally find their way into the auction-room. Considering the tremendous increase in taxes, contributions, assessments, and all sorts of excessive demands upon the purse, it is truly remarkable that the subscriptions have been so well maintained; and the Council cannot regard this loyal and well-sustained support otherwise than as a signal compliment to their efforts to procure and issue to the members only such items of exceptional literary

interest as will appeal to a widely diversified constituency.

Our Society is now approaching its twentieth milestone, and for our Twentieth Anniversary publication, to be issued next year, our generous fellow-member, Mr. Francis S. Peabody, has promised a collection of MSS. which in point of general interest to readers and collectors will make a fitting climax to our twenty years' work as a Society of booklovers.

Although our organization can boast no spacious club house—which, wherever located, could be of easy access to but few of the members—yet we have in these twenty years of corporate existence reared for ourselves a monument far more enduring than any place of domicile could be made, viz., a series of publications which silently and unobtrusively, yet convincingly, voice their claim to the universal recognition of connoisseurs, booklovers, and book-collectors. This monument, consisting of as many integral parts as there are sets of our publications extant, encompasses the entire length and breadth of our continent, and reaches into many foreign lands to which our membership extends. Moreover, every member

enjoys the possession of his individual share — a possession that will be passed on from generation to generation. Had our members contributed generously — as they doubtless would if asked — towards the construction of a club house, its erection and maintenance could have added but little to the fame of our organization, and assuredly nothing to the convenience or enjoyment of the great majority of its members. Club house accommodations and the social affiliations of members could be of but little interest to posterity, by which we as a society of bibliophiles shall be judged solely for what we have accomplished in bringing together useful literature and preserving it in attractive book form.

In years past it has been customary, in lieu of annual dues, to charge into the Year Books such portion of expenses for stamps, stationery, and clerical work as are not included in the cost of the other publications, and in pursuance of this plan the enormously increased costs of nearly every class of material and labor have made it necessary to encumber the present Year Book with considerably more than the usual amount. But even so — including the cost of the

book itself—the sum is still far below the annual due in other clubs, which—with nearly every such institution—has been increased of late. While there is no positive obligation upon the part of members to take the Year Books, yet the implied moral obligation thus to share the necessary expense has been generously met year after year by almost every member. It should here be explained that the comparatively large amount assessed against the present Year Book is not the result of increased expenses for any one year, but rather of the past four years, during which our working fund has been considerably reduced.

It will be observed that while the cost of our recent publications has been somewhat higher than in previous years, the increase is by no means commensurate with the advancing prices in all branches of bookmaking. The working fund has therefore been drawn upon for certain expenditures which are customarily entered into publication expense. In view of the urgent need of maintaining our Society upon a sound financial footing it is hoped that the members will respond with their usual generosity.

September, 1920.

THE COUNCIL

POE'S POETIC PRINCIPLE

POE'S POETIC PRINCIPLE

The accompanying poems, with but two exceptions,* were quoted by Poe in his classic essay, or lecture, entitled "The Poetic Principle." Considering the fact that as a judge of poetry he stands in the foremost ranks it will interest readers to know what poems made the most profound impression upon his supersensitive critical mind. If it should be regarded as undue presumptuousness to assume that any reader is unfamiliar with this famous essay the charge may be mitigated by the fact that almost

* One of these exceptions is Thomas Hood's "Haunted House," of which Poe says: "It is one of the truest poems ever written," etc.; but its length rendered it unsuitable for quotation in his lecture. See page 34.

The other is a poem by Thomas Moore, of which Poe says: "In the compass of the English language I can call to mind no poem more profoundly—more weirdly imaginative in the best sense than the lines commencing 'I would I were by that dim lake.' . . . I regret that I am unable to remember them." Poe evidently misquoted the first line, as will be seen on page 32.

every reader will be glad to read again and again these literary gems of almost unrivalled beauty; for, as the fragrance of a rose always delights the sense of smell, or as a beautiful jewel excites the pleasure and admiration of the eye, so the thoughts expressed in a beautiful poem afford enrichment and untiring delight to the mind. Material riches, however great, may be swept away in some momentary disaster, but a mind richly stored with noble thoughts is a possession no less enjoyable than material wealth or power, and of which the owner is not so easily deprived.

Parenthetically, it may be observed that Poe's fame has risen to extraordinary heights, and the enthusiasm of Poe collectors has developed into a veritable craze. A year or so ago a few incomplete manuscript lines of his, reviewing some unimportant poem, were sold in a New York auction room for upwards of three dollars a word. At the time he wrote the lines he was receiving a salary of but ten dollars a week. In March of the present year his MS. entitled "The Spectacles," written on thirty-eight small pages, brought \$9100 at auction in New York. And for "The Raven"—now rated by many as

one of the greatest poems ever written—it is authoritatively stated that “the half-starved poet received \$10!” The manuscript would now probably sell at the rate of more than twice that amount for every word it contains.

The following pathetic story was related by N. P. Willis, who employed Poe for a time as critic and sub-editor on a daily paper:

“Our first knowledge of Mr. Poe’s removal to this city was by a call which we received from a lady who introduced herself to us as the mother of his wife. She was in search of employment for him, and she excused her errand by mentioning that he was ill, that her daughter was a confirmed invalid, and that their circumstances were such as compelled her taking it upon herself. The countenance of this lady, made beautiful and saintly with an evidently complete giving up of her life to privation and sorrowful tenderness, her gentle and mournful voice urging its plea, her long-forgotten but habitually and unconsciously refined manners, and her appealing and yet appreciative mention of the claims and abilities of her son[-in-law], disclosed at once the presence of one of those

angels upon earth that women in adversity can be. It was a hard fate that she was watching over. / Mr. Poe wrote with fastidious difficulty, and in a style too much above the popular level to be well paid. He was always in pecuniary difficulty, and, with his sick wife, frequently in want of the merest necessities of life. Winter after winter, for years, the most touching sight to us, in this whole city, has been that tireless minister to genius, thinly and insufficiently clad, going from office to office with a poem, or an article on some literary subject, to sell, sometimes simply pleading in a broken voice that he was ill, and begging for him, mentioning nothing but that 'he was ill,' whatever might be the reason for his writing nothing, and never, amid all her tears and recitals of distress, suffering one syllable to escape her lips that could convey a doubt of him, or a complaint, or a lessening of pride in his genius and good intentions."

In his critical remarks preceding the introduction of the following poems into his essay, Poe says:

"A *very* short poem, while now and then producing a brilliant or vivid, never produces a profound or enduring effect. There must be the steady pressing down of the stamp upon the wax. De Béranger has wrought innumerable things, pungent and spirit-stirring, but in general they have been too imponderous to stamp themselves deeply into the public attention, and thus, as so many feathers of fancy, have been blown aloft only to be whistled down [by] the wind.

"The remarkable instance of the effect of undue brevity in depressing a poem, in keeping it out of the popular view, is afforded by the following exquisite little Serenade. Very few, perhaps, are familiar with these lines, yet no less a poet than Shelley is their author. Their warm, yet delicate and ethereal imagination will be appreciated by all, but by none so thoroughly as by him who has himself arisen from sweet dreams of one beloved to bathe in the aromatic air of a southern midsummer night:"

I arise from dreams of thee
In the first sweet sleep of night
When the winds are breathing low

And the stars are shining bright.
I arise from dreams of thee,
And a spirit in my feet
Has led me—who knows how?—
To thy chamber-window, sweet!

The wandering airs they faint
On the dark, the silent stream—
The champak odours fail
Like sweet thoughts in a dream;
The nightingale's complaint,
It dies upon her heart,
As I must die on thine,
O, beloved as thou art!

O, lift me from the grass!
I die, I faint, I fail!
Let thy love in kisses rain
On my lips and eyelids pale.
My cheek is cold and white, alas!
My heart beats loud and fast:
Oh! press it close to thine again,
Where it will break at last!

“One of the finest poems by Willis, the very best in my opinion which he has ever written, has no doubt, through this same defect of undue brevity, been kept back from its proper position, not less in the critical than in the pop-

ular view. In this composition we find it difficult to recognize the Willis who has written so many mere 'verses of society.' The lines are not only richly ideal, but full of energy, while they breathe an earnestness and evident sincerity of sentiment, for which we look in vain throughout all the other works of this author :"

The shadows lay along Broadway,
 'Twas near the twilight-tide—
And slowly there a lady fair
 Was walking in her pride.
Alone walk'd she ; but, viewlessly,
 Walk'd spirits at her side.

Peace charm'd the street beneath her feet,
 And Honour charm'd the air ;
And all astir looked kind on her,
 And called her good as fair—
For all God ever gave to her
 She kept with chary care.

She kept with care her beauties rare
 From lovers warm and true—
Her heart was cold to all but gold,
 And the rich came not to woo—
But honour'd well are charms to sell,
 If priests the selling do.

Now walking there was one more fair—
A slight girl, lily-pale;
And she had unseen company
To make the spirit quail—
'Twixt Want and Scorn she walk'd forlorn,
And nothing could avail.

No mercy now can clear her brow
From this world's peace to pray,
For as love's wild prayer dissolved in air,
Her woman's heart gave way!—
But the sin forgiven by Christ in Heaven
By man is cursed away!

"I cannot better introduce the few poems which I shall present for your consideration, than by the citation of the Proëm to Mr. Longfellow's 'Waif.' With no great range of imagination, these lines have been justly admired for their delicacy of expression. Some of the images are very effective. Nothing can be better than

————the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Down the corridors of Time.

The idea of the last quatrain is also very effective. The poem on the whole, however, is

chiefly to be admired for the graceful *insouciance* of its metre, so well in accordance with the character of the sentiments, and especially for the *ease* of the general manner."

The day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of Night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an Eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village
Gleam through the rain and the mist,
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me,
That my soul cannot resist ;

A feeling of sadness and longing,
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain.

Come, read to me some poem,
Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of time.

For, like strains of martial music,
Their mighty thoughts suggest
Life's endless toil and endeavour ;
And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,
Whose songs gushed from his heart,
As showers from the clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start ;

Who through long days of labour,
And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after the prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume
The poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day,
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

“Among the ‘Melodies’ of Thomas Moore, is one whose distinguished character as a poem proper, seems to have been singularly left out of view. I allude to his lines beginning— ‘Come rest in this bosom.’ The intense energy of their expression is not surpassed by anything in Byron. There are two of the lines in which a sentiment is conveyed that embodies the *all in all* of the divine passion of Love—a sentiment which, perhaps, has found its echo in more, and in more passionate, human hearts than any other single sentiment ever embodied in words:”

Come, rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer,
Though the herd have fled from thee, thy home is still
here;

Here still is the smile, that no cloud can o’ercast,
And a heart and a hand all thy own to the last.

Oh! what was love made for, if’t is not the same
Through joy and through torment, through glory and
shame?

I know not, I ask not, if guilt’s in that heart,
I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art.

Thou hast call’d me thy Angel in moments of bliss,
And thy Angel I’ll be, ’mid the horrors of this,—

Through the furnace, unshrinking, thy steps to pursue,
And shield thee, and save thee,—or perish there too!

“It has been the fashion of late days to deny Moore Imagination, while granting him Fancy—a distinction originating with Coleridge—than whom no man more fully comprehended the great powers of Moore. The fact is, that the fancy of this poet so far predominates over all his other faculties, and over the fancy of all other men, as to have induced, very naturally, the idea that he is fanciful *only*. But never was there a greater mistake. Never was a grosser wrong done the fame of a true poet. In the compass of the English language I can call to mind no poem more profoundly—more weirdly *imaginative*, in the best sense, than the lines commencing—‘I would I were by that dim lake’—which are the composition of Thomas Moore. I regret that I am unable to remember them.” [Although Poe did not quote the poem, it is here given in full:]

I wish I was by that dim Lake,
Where sinful souls their farewell take
Of this vain world, and half-way lie
In death’s cold shadow, ere they die.

There, there, far from thee,
Deceitful world, my home should be ;
Where, come what might of gloom and pain,
False hope should ne'er deceive again.

The lifeless sky, the mournful sound
Of unseen waters falling round ;
The dry leaves, quiv'ring o'er my head,
Like man, unquiet ev'n when dead !
These, ay, these shall wean
My soul from life's deluding scene,
And turn each thought, o'ercharged with gloom,
Like willows, downward tow'rds the tomb.

As they, who to their couch at night
Would win repose, first quench the light,
So must the hopes, that keep this breast
Awake, be quench'd, ere it can rest.
Cold, cold, this heart must grow,
Unmoved by either joy or woe,
Like freezing founts, where all that's thrown
Within their current turns to stone.

“One of the noblest—and, speaking of Fancy, one of the most singularly fanciful of modern poets, was Thomas Hood. ‘The Haunted House,’ by this author, is one of the truest poems ever written, one of the *truest*, one of the most unexceptional, one of the most thoroughly

artistic, both in its theme and in its execution. It is, moreover, powerfully ideal—imaginative. I regret that its length renders it unsuitable for the purposes of this lecture.” [The poem, though not quoted by Poe, is here printed:]

THE HAUNTED HOUSE

Some dreams we have are nothing else but dreams,
 Unnatural, and full of contradiction;
Yet, others of our most romantic schemes
 Are something more than fiction.

It might be only on enchanted ground,
 It might be merely by a thought's expansion,
But in the spirit of the flesh, I found
 An old deserted mansion.

A residence for woman, child, and man,
 A dwelling-place and yet no habitation,
A house—but under some prodigious ban
 Of excommunication.

No dog was at the threshold, great or small,
 No pigeon on the roof, no household creature—
No cat demurely dozing on the wall—
 Not one domestic feature.

No human figure stirred to go or come;
 No face looked forth from shut or open casement;

No chimney smoked—there was no sign of home
From parapet to basement.

O'er all there hung a shadow and a fear ;
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
And said as plain as whisper in the ear—
The place is haunted.

No sound was heard except from far away
The ringing of the whitwall's shrilly laughter,
Or now and then the chatter of the jay,
That echo murmured after.

The beds were all untouched by hand or tool ;
No footsteps marked the green and mossy gravel,
Each walk as green as is the mantled pool
For want of human travel.

.
The fountain was a-dry ; neglect and time
Had marred the work of artisan and mason,
And efts and coaking frogs begot of slime
Sprawled in the ruined basin.

On every side the aspect was the same,
All ruined, desolate, forlorn and savage ;
No hand or foot within the precinct came
To rectify the ravage.

Howbeit, the door I pushed—or so I dreamed—
Which slowly, slowly gaped; the hinges creaking
With such a rusty eloquence, it seemed
That Time himself was speaking.

The startled bats flew out; bird after bird;
The screech-owl overhead began to flutter,
And seemed to mock the cry that she had heard
Some dying victim utter!

The very stairs and pictures on the wall
Assuming features horrid and terrific,
Hinted some tragedy in that old hall,
Locked up in hieroglyphic.

.
Huge drops rolled down the wall as if they wept;
And where the cricket used to chirp so shrilly
The toad was squatting and the lizard crept
On that damp hearth so chilly.

There was so foul a rumor in the air,
The shadow of a presence so atrocious,
No human creature could have feasted there,
Even the most ferocious.

.

The death-watch ticked behind the paneled oak,
Inexplicable tremors shook the arras,
And echoes strange and mystical awoke
The fancy to embarrass.

Prophetic hints that filled the soul with dread,
But through one gloomy entrance mostly,
The while some secret inspiration said—
That chamber is the ghostly!

One lonely ray that glanced upon the bed
As if with awful aim, direct and certain,
To show the Bloody Hand in burning red,
Embroidered on the curtain!

What shrieking spirit in that bloody room
Its mortal frame had violently quitted!
Across the sunbeam with the sudden gloom
A ghostly shadow flitted.

O'er all there hung a shadow and a fear;
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
And said as plain as whisper in the ear—
The place is haunted.

“Among the minor poems of Bryant, none has so much impressed me as the one which he entitled ‘June.’ I quote only a portion of it. The rhythmical flow here is even voluptuous—nothing could be more melodious. The poem

has always affected me in a remarkable manner. The intense melancholy which seems to well up, perforce, to the surface of all the poet's cheerful sayings about his grave, we find thrilling us to the soul—while there is the truest poetic elevation in the thrill. The impression left is one of a pleasurable sadness. And if, in the remaining compositions which I shall introduce to you, there be more or less of a similar tone always apparent, let me remind you that (how or why we know not) this certain taint of sadness is inseparably connected with all the higher manifestations of true Beauty:”

There through the long, long summer hours,
The golden light should lie,
And thick young herbs and groups of flowers
Stand in their beauty by.
The oriole should build and tell
His love-tale, close beside my cell;
The idle butterfly
Should rest him there, and there be heard
The housewife-bee and humming bird.

And what if cheerful shouts at noon
Come, from the village sent,
Or songs of maids, beneath the moon,
With fairy laughter blent?

And what if, in the evening light,
Betrothed lovers walk in sight
Of my low monument?
I would the lovely scene around
Might know no sadder sight nor sound.

I know, I know I should not see
The season's glorious show,
Nor would its brightness shine for me,
Nor its wild music flow ;
But if around my place of sleep,
The friends I love should come to weep,
They might not haste to go.
Soft airs, and song, and light and bloom
Should keep them lingering by my tomb.

These to their soften'd hearts should bear
The thought of what has been,
And speak of one who cannot share
The gladness of the scene ;
Whose part in all the pomp that fills
The circuit of the summer hills,
Is—that his grave is green ;
And deeply would their hearts rejoice
To hear again his living voice.

“Among the minor poems of Lord Byron is one which has never received from the critics the praise which it undoubtedly deserves. Al-

though the rhythm here is one of the most difficult, the versification could scarcely be improved. No nobler *theme* ever engaged the pen of poet. It is the soul-elevating idea that no man can consider himself entitled to complain of Fate while in his adversity he still retains the unwavering love of woman:”

Though the day of my destiny's over,
And the star of my fate hath declined,
Thy soft heart refused to discover
The faults which so many could find;
Though thy soul with my grief was acquainted,
It shrunk not to share it with me,
And the love which my spirit hath painted
It never hath found but in *thee*.

Then when nature around me is smiling,
The last smile which answers to mine,
It do not believe it beguiling,
Because it reminds me of thine;
And when winds are at war with the ocean,
As the breasts I believed in with me,
If their billows excite an emotion,
It is that they bear me from *thee*.

Though the rock of my last hope is shivered,
And its fragments are sunk in the wave,
Though I feel that my soul is delivered

To pain—it shall not be a slave.
There is many a pang to pursue me :
They may crush, but they shall not contemn—
They may torture, but shall not subdue me—
'Tis of *thee* that I think—not of them.

Though human, thou didst not deceive me,
Though woman, thou didst not forsake,
Though loved, thou forborest to grieve me,
Though slandered, thou never couldst shake,—
Though trusted, thou didst not disclaim me,
Though parted, it was not to fly,
Though watchful, 't was not to defame me,
Nor mute, that the world might belie.

Yet I blame not the world, nor despise it,
Nor the war of the many with one—
If my soul was not fitted to prize it,
'T was folly not sooner to shun :
And if dearly that error hath cost me,
And more than I once could foresee,
I have found that whatever it lost me,
It could not deprive me of *thee*.

From the wreck of the past, which hath perished,
Thus much I at least may recall,
It hath taught me that which I most cherished
Deserved to be dearest of all ;
In the desert a fountain is springing,
In the wide waste there still is a tree,

And a bird in the solitude singing,
Which speaks to my spirit of *thee*.

"From Alfred Tennyson, although in perfect sincerity I regard him as the noblest poet that ever lived, I have left myself time to cite only a very brief specimen.* I call him, and *think* him, the noblest of poets, *not* because the impressions he produces are at *all* times the most profound — *not* because the poetical excitement which he induces is at *all* times the most in-

*It will be remembered that some of Poe's critics accused him of "copying" Tennyson, not perhaps in the sense of actually copying his lines, so much as in imitating his general style. But Horace went to far greater lengths, in not only imitating Pindar, but translating entire lines and sentences and embodying them in his own works. Yet the fame of Horace far exceeds that of his acknowledged master. It is but natural that the plastic mind of a young writer, however surcharged with genius and originality, should be more or less influenced by the style and thoughts of those whose works he studies and admires. Furthermore, there are many instances where writers in recording their own thoughts have repeated, almost verbatim, the words of others whose writings they had never seen. Indeed it would be difficult to conceive a human thought or ambition that did not have its prototype somewhere in the past.

Poe was undoubtedly as exempt from the charge of plagiarism as any writer of modern times. The *Edinburgh Review* of January, 1891, says: "But these writers [referring to Poe and Hawthorne] struck out for themselves an independent line. They have no prototypes in English fiction."—H. H. H.

tense—but because it is at all times the most ethereal—in other words, the most elevating and most pure. No poet is so little of the earth, earthy. What I am about to read is from his last long poem, ‘The Princess’:

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
Tears from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy Autumn-fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more.

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,
That brings our friends up from the underworld,
Sad as the last which reddens over one
That sinks with all we love below the verge;
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns
The earliest pipe of half-awaken'd birds
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square;
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

Dear as remember'd kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feign'd
On lips that are for others; deep as love,
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret;
O Death in Life, the days that are no more.

A PROCLAMATION

A PROCLAMATION, ETC.

The following quaint old piece by the English author, John Taylor, known as the "Water Poet," was written in the early part of the seventeenth century. Whatever this poet's habits or vices may have been, it would appear that the use of tobacco was not among them. It may be observed, furthermore, that Pluto's so-called "Proclamation" must have been carried far and wide by his host of emissaries, judging by the present consumption of the "iniquitous weed," the use of which at that time, according to the proclamation, was confined chiefly to the "Indians and Barbarians inhabiting America." The old-fashioned spelling has been preserved.

A PROCLAMATION, OR APPROBATION, FROM THE KING OF EXECRATION, TO EVERY NATION, FOR TOBACCO'S PROPAGATION

Whereas, wee have beene credibly informed (by our true and never-failing Intelligencers, as the Soules of

Usurers, Brokers, Knights of the Poast, Panders,
 Bawdes, and such like, our welbeloved sons and
 daughters, by graceless adoption) that the Hearb (alias
 weed) ycleped Tobacco, alias Trinidado, alias Petun,
 alias Necocianum, a long time hath been in continuall
 use and motion amongst the Sunburnt, tanskin'd In-
 dians, Barbarians, and the rest of our blacke-guard
 inhabiting *America*, which hath bin greatly to our con-
 tentment to see our execrable servants on the earth, to
 come so neere our infernall Tartarian sulphurous con-
 tagious stench with their terrestriall imitations: wee
 therefore, with the full consent of our three Estates,
 namely our Lords spiritual of our owne Synagogue,
 as twelve Turkish Mustues, and sundry others,. . . .
 besides our Temporall Lords,—as Heliogabalus, Nero,
 Sardanapalus, with many more, and our Comminalty
 or vassals, whereof the chiefe wee hold to bee Guido
 Faux, Francis Ravillac, and all such as were Natural-
 ized into the line of Judas or Achitophel. Wee with
 these estates aforesaid doe (by the Authority of this
 present Parliament) straightly charge and command,
 that all divels, demy-divels, fiends, furies, haggas,
 witches, ghosts, goblins, spirits, elves, fayries, or any
 other Subject or Subjects to our Infernall Monarchy,
 by what name or title soever they bee called, that they
 and every of them doe forthwith upon the sight
 hereof, disperse themselves amongst the Christians
 (the utter enemies of our mightie Monarchy) and
 there, by inspirations of witchcrafts, Spels, exorcismes,
 conjurations, incantations, or any other of our Magic-

all devices, doe their best endeavors to possesse them with the love of Tobacco; make old men doate over it, and young men admire it, make the rich smoake away their wealth in it, make the labourer in one houre in the Evening puffe away his whole daies worke, let the decayed banquerupt be alwaies my trustie factor to divulge it; be they never so base, let them bee accounted Noble that use it, and be they never so Noble, let them bee thought base that refuse it: let Play-houses, Drinking-schooles, Taverns, Ale-houses, Bawdy-houses, be continually haunted with the contaminous vapours of it; nay (if it bee possible), bring it into their Churches, and there choake up their Preachers (my onely and my hateful enemies).

And whereas, the Indians and other farre-remoted barbarous Nations were the first that used it, we do streightly further charge and commaund, that you and every of you, doe disswade them from the excessive use of it, and let those Nations that are our continuall opposites in manners and Religion, be fully possest with an immoderate desire of it,—like Hors-leeches, the more they drinke, the more let them thirst; let it bee a trade to practise the whiffe, the snuffe, the gulpe, the evaporating or retention. Doe this with all expedition, as you expect the fruition of our fatherly execrable Malevolent Malediction.

This Proclamation was no sooner doon,
But thousand furies to and fro did runne,

T' accomplish what their Master Pluto spoke,
 And fully fill the world with stench and smoake :
 And now the man that's e'ne of feeling reft,
 By reason of his age, whose teeth have left
 The vasty Caverne of his mumping cud,
 Must have Tobacco to revive his blood :
 The glist'ring Gallant, or the Gallant Gull,
 The jeering Pander, and the hackney Trull,
 The Roysting Rascall, and the swearing Slave,
 The Hostler, Tapster, all in generall crave
 To be a foggy, misty, smoaky Jury
 Upon this upstart newfound *Indian* fury.
 Great Captaine Gracelesse stormes, protests and swears
 Hee'le have the rascall Poet by the eares,
 And beate him, as a man would beate a dog,
 That dares once speake against this previous fogge.

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Hee'le cram his braines with fumes of Indian grasse,
 And grow as fat with 't as an English asse.
 Some say Tobacco will men's daies prolong ;
 To whom I answer, they are in the wrong.
 And sure my conscience gives me not the lie,
 I thinke 'twill make men rotten ere they die.
 Old Adam liv'd nine hundred thirty yeere,
 Yet ne'r dranke none, as I could read or heare :
 And some men now live ninety yeeres and past,
 Who never dranke Tobacco first nor last.
 Then since at first it came from faithlesse Moores.

(And since 'tis now more common far then)
I see no reason any Christian Nation
Should follow them in divellish imitation:
So farewell pipe, and pudding, snuffe and smoake,
My Muse thinks fit to leave, before she choake.

THE DELIGHTS OF A HOBBY

THE DELIGHTS OF A HOBBY
SOME EXPERIENCES IN BOOK-COL-
LECTING

BY LUTHER A. BREWER

For out of the old fields, as men saithe,
Cometh al this new corne fro yere to yere.
And out of old bookes, in good faithe,
Cometh al this new science that men lere.

—CHAUCER

I became a victim to the book-collecting "bug" while a student in a Maryland small-town grammar school, and I have been a book-lover and book-collector ever since. It was my good fortune to have as a teacher a genuine lover of literature and of books. Friday afternoons were given up wholly to the reading of the best things in English literature. I recall most distinctly the *Pickwick Papers*. A love for Dickens was the result, and I was soon as steeped in Dickens as David Copperfield was in his love for Dora. Not being financially able

at the time to acquire a bound set of his works, I did the next possible thing—bought, for a few pennies, issues of the Seaside Library, in quarto size, on cheap paper, without wrappers. No thrill of book-collecting joy has ever come to me in later years that exceeded the happiness that was mine when the mails brought me a large package of the stories of Dickens in this inexpensive form.

There also came early into my hands a cheap paper bound edition of the works of Shakespeare, and I spent many a glorious summer afternoon in the shade of an old apple tree, with this precious volume as my sole companion.

About the same time there fell into my hands, by a happy chance, a sale catalogue sent out by the now almost forgotten auction house of Bangs and Company. From my first venture as a bidder I secured an early edition of Thomas Paine's *Common Sense*, and a copy of a book entitled *Sermons on Death*. The latter volume I bid on because of its date—middle of the seventeenth century—and for no other reason, as I now recall it. I have since learned that an old date is not an infallible badge of value. But for old time's sake, I retain to this

day these inconsequential items. They represent the beginnings of a hobby that has grown more acute and more satisfying with the advancing years, — a hobby that has meant much to one who ever has been compelled to labor day and night.

After college days when I migrated west to Iowa, the chief and most valuable part of my baggage was the box of books which represented the collections of my youth and which were acquired chiefly in the auction room. In those days I had no other source of acquisition, as there were no rare book dealers known to me. The microbe thus early implanted is still at work making the sunset years mellow and happy. It is said that first loves are lasting. Certainly habits formed in youth are wont to be steadfast.

You may break, you may shatter, the vase if you will,
The scent of the roses will hover round it still.

And blessed is the man with a hobby. Happy is the man who collects. Some collect books; some, prints; some, coins; some, bugs and butterflies; some, two or more of the things here

enumerated. And the man who does not have a hobby of some sort fails to make full use of the privileges that are his by divine right. Some of his faculties lie dormant. I love the companionship of the man with a hobby. He has resources within himself that make for fellowship, that dispel loneliness and ennui. He is a superior companion.

We often associate distinguished men of the past with their hobbies. When we think of Samuel Johnson, we recall that he loved to consume great quantities of tea. And we cannot dissociate from the memory of Charles Lamb the remembrance of his love for books—and old cheese—and how he and Mary often denied themselves the necessities of life, that an old folio might be purchased. And we can easily imagine how these two congenial souls delighted in turning the leaves of some volume they had thus obtained through sacrifice.

Can anything be more satisfying to a lover of books than browsing in an old book shop? Can any genuine lover of so-called “inconsiderate trifles” pass by such an opportunity? The very aroma of such a place has its appeal. The disordered piles of printed matter are alluring,

and the possibilities of "finds" draw one irresistibly.

The collector who derives the greatest joy from his hobby is he who does his own hunting. There's no real bibliophilic sport in giving a blanket order to a buyer. The joys of a collector come through pursuit no less than possession. Item by item—hunting in out of the way places—suddenly and unexpectedly finding a gem in a rubbish pile; making mistakes, yes, but that only adds to the human side of the search.

The pursuit of a hobby often leads one into pleasant places; for example, searching for coveted items in the dust and confusion to be found in the cellar of a London book-seller on Oxford street, where "ragged veterans" lie covered with grime. And the joy of those rare occasions when one finds a treasure that the wily merchant is willing to part with at a reasonable price! Some years ago I found in this shop on Oxford street—on the floor, in one corner where a few volumes had been thrown—one of the scarcest of the William Loring Andrews publications. I tossed it aside and a little later asked the price, at the same time giv-

ing the book a slight kick to show my indifference. I bought it for a few shillings; but the book-seller's conscience was not altogether clear as to the wisdom of the sale, and he remarked to an American dealer who was present, "I believe I sold that book too cheap." "Oh no," was the quick retort, "you were never known to do such a thing." The dealer had made a reasonable profit on the transaction, for he had bought the volume in a lot with others, and had made more than the Dutchman's one per cent.

Goodspeed's sub-basement in Boston, in the early days, also furnished sport for the knowing collector, though one was compelled to emerge at frequent intervals into the upper rooms to escape from the oppressive dampness of the place and the foul air. But there was delight there for the experienced book-hunter.

Collectors who knew Bertram Dobell and his London book shop always had great fun, when in that city, in "pawing" over the huge piles of books to be found on the floor of his small room. Dobell was a prince of a bookman from a collector's standpoint, for he always had bargains to offer, and with no regrets that he had parted

with his precious possessions at prices that were too cheap.

I need not speak to my fellow-bibliophiles of the fascination of the auction room, its uncertainties, especially for the distant buyer: the wait for the statement, then for the precious article itself. Or perhaps that lot number so and so, on which you bid fifteen dollars, sold for \$150.

An experience: Hunt item nicely bound, a delight to the touch and the sight, bound by experienced binders with a knowledge of first editions; and a year or two later when another copy of the same item, dirty and ragged, with binding broken, but original, falls into your hands at a bargain, you're glad to have it in both forms — for they make fine companions in the case.

Then long afterward, when the winds are whistling outside and the fire burns on the hearth, you sit down with these two companions to discover in a few minutes that the handsome copy lacks two leaves of an extract at the end of the Preface — a fact you might never have discovered save for the accident that sent to

you — when you thought that really you didn't need it — the crippled volume in its original binding.

One learns many lessons as he follows his pursuit of a hobby; and one of these lessons is never to be too certain that any particular book is perfect.

As all knowledge is of more or less importance in life's activities, whether directly related to your particular vocation or not, so is knowledge important in the pursuit of the books that you are certain you ought to possess.

It is not out of place to say that men with hobbies — collectors of things unique or rare, or both, are as a rule a benevolent lot. While there is a peculiar pleasure in the thought that you have something no one else possesses or can possess, yet the true collector is ever ready to share his joy with others. We know there are philistines even in this day who hold to the contrary. As a class, collectors — book-collectors above all — are looked upon by some as a selfish, acquisitive lot, as living lives apart from the many. They are pointed at in places where people congregate; sometimes they are charged with being peculiar. It has even been hinted at

that they are not averse to the acquisition of bookish treasures by the process of adhesion if they can not get them by legitimate means of gift or purchase. True, some of our class, weaker than others, at times may be willing to acquire a much desired prize at a sum less than its true value; but we should not be anathematized for adding to our possessions that which does not make the seller poorer while enriching the buyer. We could not—the vast majority of us—remain long in the business if deprived of the privilege of securing an occasional bargain.

Those who collect, though only in a modest way, well know the feelings with which they are regarded by their friends. “What’s the use,” they argue, “in gathering books and autographs and prints in such profusion and confusion?” Time and again we have been asked, hesitatingly, but meaningly: “Have you read all these volumes?” with a wave of the hand at the well-filled shelves. What can one do but ignore such a foolish question? It is useless to argue with one so lacking in appreciation of the pursuits of a collector.

Aristophanes in *The Frogs* laughs at Euri-

pides because he collected books, and he has many imitators today who can see no profit, spiritual or material, in collecting. We are rather followers of Cicero, who was not ashamed to speak a kindly word for the books that "shelter and solace us in adversity, bring enjoyment at home, befriend us out of doors, pass the night with us." Most of us have a sympathetic and kindly feeling for Charles Lamb, who enjoyed a book "over a pipe," which he thought "is the maximum." Some of us can even sympathize with the wish of Leigh Hunt, who longed to choose the manner of his death—with his head upon a beloved volume.

I scarcely need to defend the hobby of book-collecting in a publication that goes to my fellow-members of The Bibliophile Society; yet perhaps it may interest them to hear of common experiences. It is a maxim with newspaper men that readers have an especial interest in perusing the account of an occurrence they have witnessed, if it is only a write-up of a dog-fight, and the first item in the paper sought by the lady who has been the host at a brilliant function the night before is the account of it in

the society column of the next morning's issue.

The man who pursues diligently the hobby of collecting the books he needs to make his life a satisfying one learns many things before he has progressed very far. His is a developing life. The books that appeal to him in the early days do not always hold their interest in subsequent years. He does not love his hobby the less, but the object of his affection changes. There also are those who buy just *books*; and are content to fill the house with printed volumes without regard to date, printer, author, or association. For its owner such an assortment has only an impersonal collective interest, perhaps about the same as the kitchen utensils, or the bricks in the chimney.

Book-buyers of this class doubtless get their reward, but the keener pleasure, as I see it, comes to the collector who specializes. He may have more than one specialty — first editions, of one author or of several; association copies, bindings, illustrated volumes. But whatever he undertakes, it should be his aim to confine his activities largely along certain definite lines, aiming always at completion. Therein lies the true joy. The temptation, however, to break

this rule is irresistible with most of us. At this time, for instance, I collect first editions of Leigh Hunt, books once owned by him and bearing annotations throughout the text in his handwriting, presentation, and association copies.

But my love has not always been thus centered. Twenty years ago James Whitcomb Riley, of blessed memory, appeared in Cedar Rapids with the humorist, Bill Nye. A few of us gave these distinguished Hoosiers a dinner, and I number among my treasures, as a souvenir of that occasion, a copy of his *Love Lyrics* inscribed "With greetings, James Whitcomb Riley, Cedar Rapids, Dec. 10, 1900."

One hot Sunday, fifteen years later, Edwin Markham dropped in for a visit, and the legacy left on the following morning was a first edition of his *Shoes of Happiness* with two or three corrections noted in the text, and on the fly-leaf these words: "To Luther A. Brewer, friend of friends, and my friend! Here's wishing you pleasant adventures in the happy shoes. Edwin Markham."

Alfred Noyes is now a name that appeals to many knowing and appreciative collectors, as

evidenced by the fact that they willingly pay a sum approximating three figures for his *Songs of the Trawlers*, 1916; a pamphlet of twelve pages, privately issued in an edition of twenty-five copies.

Some six years ago I chanced to secure a brief letter by this author in which he seemed to be negotiating with a London publisher for the bringing out of a book to which he had secured subscriptions. The letter was without date and was written from Exeter College, Oxford. Query: but what was the publication? The mystery was solved one day while the poet was a guest in my home. Across one corner of the letter is now written: "Letter about first book to the publisher, Grant Richards, 1902, *The Loom of Years*. A. N." The next move was to find a copy of the book. This I was able to do in a few days, despite the author's statement that it was out of print, and he had not seen a copy for years. A complete set of first editions of this beloved author now fills a shelf in my book-case, nearly all autographed on a subsequent visit.

I am now endeavoring to collect a complete set of first editions of Leigh Hunt.

“Why Leigh Hunt?” I’ve been asked. “Why not Shelley, Lamb, Keats, or Byron, with all of whom he held fellowship? Surely,” they say, “these are more worth while authors.” Granted. But one who starts out to collect the works of an author ought to give some thought to the possibilities. He should figure out the likelihood of being able to secure a complete collection. It is easier to gather a fairly complete set of firsts of Leigh Hunt than it is of any one of the other authors named.

Then, with some of us, the matter of cost is to be considered. Some prudence here is necessary. With Shelley, and Keats, and Lamb—in some instances single items calling for thousands, when you have only tens or possibly hundreds to spend—you would be making yourself an unsatisfied collector to undertake the annexation of those things which, while not robbing the other fellow, would make you financially poor indeed. Then, too, mine has been the lot desired by that ancient who stated that he was neither too rich nor too poor, and who was glad that it had not been his fate to have his money run him.

I really cannot say just now why I began to

collect Leigh Hunt books. I imagine, however, it was partly because of a sympathetic feeling I possess for a fellow-lover of books, and then the realization that perhaps I could do fairly well at it without eventually getting into the bankruptcy courts. But I never dreamed at the time that I would pay—or that I would be called upon to pay—such long prices as I have willingly paid for such items as no Hunt collector can afford to be without. The ambition of a collector grows by what it feeds upon.

I have progressed far enough in my diligent pursuit for Hunt items to see, just over the brow of the hill, the collector's *Finis*; not that same *finis* that marks the conclusion of a book, for a collector can never console himself with the thought that there is nothing beyond. Labor as he will to collect, there is yet something incompleted—but I believe I have about all the known Hunt rarities.

Among these is the proof sheet of a broadside written by S. C. Hall of a testimonial promoted by Robert Browning, Charles Dickens, Thomas Carlyle, B. W. Procter, W. C. Macready, Charles Kent, and others, for the erection of a tomb in Kensal Green Cemetery to the memory

of Leigh Hunt, with numerous autograph corrections by Browning. And further, a statement in Browning's autograph of the condition of the bank account of the memorial fund, showing a balance of £183-10-0, while only £150-0-0 were asked. How much greater the joy of capturing this treasure than that which comes from the acquisition of the gold accumulated by the man without the collecting hobby!

Again, Leigh Hunt's *The Descent of Liberty, a Mask*, 1815, a first edition of no especial rarity, worth only two or three dollars in its original binding of paper boards, with edges uncut, but covered with the dust and dirt of a century, is worthy of its present abode in a handsome morocco case, for it bears on the half-title these words in the author's autograph:

"To Lord Byron,
with the author's best remembrances."

"Best remembrances" here is fine. A few years later Hunt could not have written that inscription, for his criticism of Byron in his *Lord Byron and Some of His Contemporaries* showed that the relation of the two men had become strained. The volumes were published

in 1828. Byron had lost his life in Greece in 1824, but Hunt failed to recall that excellent maxim, *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*. To his credit be it said that in after years he repented of his action and made open and public acknowledgment of his error. He did not, however, retract his charges, but he did confess it would have been the generous thing not to have penned the criticism.

In this somewhat rambling story of experiences perhaps it is pertinent to mention a London book shop known the world over,—that of Maggs Bros. Here indeed one can find great things in books, and in perfect condition. Their statement as to a volume can be depended upon. And a great joy it is to browse among their treasures. It's almost worth a trip across the sea just to spend a day in their place. No keener book-gathering pleasures have ever come to me than those experienced in this great book emporium, where I was permitted to be alone with the wealth of books, manuscripts, and prints that their vast stores contain. And few delights are richer to a book lover than to be permitted to browse alone in a treasure-house of books.

There are book shops and book shops. The ideal one to a book-lover is that place where they permit you to be alone, with no solicitous clerk constantly at your elbow asking you what you want. Rarely do you know what you do want when you go into an old book shop. Certainly it is gall to your very soul to have some self-important young man with hair combed back from his forehead, or some young woman with an obsequious smile, insist upon knowing "What can I show you today?" One doesn't want to be *shown* anything, and yet he wants to *see* many things. With Charles Lamb we can utter the cry, "Oh, the comfort of sitting down heartily to an old folio, and thinking that the next hour or two will be your own—and the misery of being defeated by the reckless call of somebody!"

Cedar Rapids, Iowa

August 1, 1920

DETECTIVE WORK IN BIBLIOGRAPHY

DETECTIVE WORK IN BIBLIOGRAPHY

BY W. P. TRENT

Bibliography appears to be regarded by many persons as a study or pursuit which may be useful, but is far from enlivening. For numerous reasons the correctness of this view is open to doubt, but I shall here confine myself to giving a few illustrations of the interesting sort of work in which my own bibliographical studies have involved me. I call them bibliographical because their main object has been to ascertain the pertinent circumstances attending the publication of specific books and pamphlets, and I suggest in my title that I have often been obliged to play the part of a literary detective because the unmasking of an anonymous or pseudonymous writer has been both the purpose and the result of my labors. It is scarcely necessary to add that the master of literary tricks whose career I have been investigating is Daniel Defoe, author of "Robinson Crusoe,"

or that I have no intention of contesting the laurels of the sleuths of fiction created by Poe, Conan Doyle, and their followers.

The mysteries and difficulties attending the bibliography of Defoe have long been recognized. It is now known definitely, after the researches of four generations of students, that his separate publications, including books, pamphlets, and periodicals which he wrote practically unassisted, amount to some four hundred and fifty items, and that between one hundred and two hundred other items are doubtfully assigned to him, some of them on very plausible grounds. By far the larger part of this mass of writing is either anonymous or pseudonymous, Defoe having rarely put on his title-pages, after he became an agent of the government, anything that indicated his responsibility for the publication. In some cases he impersonated other characters such as a clergyman of the Established Church; occasionally he used misleading initials, but in most instances he relied on simple anonymity. His style often betrayed him, however, and doubtless some times the gossip of booksellers and his own loquacity, so that in a considerable

number of cases he was detected by his contemporaries.

On these contemporary ascriptions and on attributions made by subsequent students mainly on the basis of internal evidence rests the enormous superstructure known as "The Works of Daniel Defoe," not a twentieth part of which has ever been collected in one uniform edition. In exploring this veritable labyrinth the modern student, besides reading thousands upon thousands of yellow, dusty pages, must fatigue himself by noting minute correspondences of style and substance between books and pamphlets often difficult of access and hence of comparison. This labor has its own compensations, which, however, would scarcely be regarded as such by any save specially trained investigators; but not infrequently the student is led into lines of research which connect with biographical, historical, and literary matters of broad and genuine interest. A few of these cases I shall try to discuss as clearly and as untechnically as I can, as well as with the brevity that seems to befit the treatment of non-essential things in these days of stress and strain.

The first case is chosen to illustrate the fact that sometimes the chance preservation of a document of apparently slight importance will help to confirm an hypothesis of authorship based entirely upon internal evidence of a literary character. Between 1711 and 1715 there was published in London a series of pamphlets that gave to the world predictions with regard to public events made by a Highlander gifted with the second sight. The first of these tracts, entitled "The British Visions" for 1711, showed by a portion of its title that it had its affiliations with the famous Swift-Partridge hoax; but the later members of the series for 1712, 1713, and 1715—no issue for 1714 has come to light—plainly emanated from a Highland Seer, a prototype, as it were, of that Duncan Campbell of whom Defoe later became the biographer. I encountered praise of the first tract in one of the numbers of Defoe's rare periodical *The Review*, and despite what he said about his having read the prophecies some months before on a visit to Scotland, I conceived the suspicion that, as was his wont, he was puffing one of his own productions. On procuring a copy of the pamphlet, and later adding to it its companions

in the series, I became convinced, from the internal evidence of style and substance, as well as from subsequent remarks made by Defoe in *The Review*, that my suspicion was justified, and I entered the four pamphlets in my list of positive attributions to Defoe, despite the fact that no scholarly support for the ascriptions could be found except a tentative suggestion of Defoe's authorship made by the late George A. Aitken, the biographer of Sir Richard Steele.

Several years elapsed before corroboration of the attributions in the shape of indisputable external evidence of Defoe's connection with the prophecies was forthcoming. It came in the form of a letter to Defoe by Button, a Newcastle printer, first published in Maidment's "Analecta Scotica" more than three-quarters of a century ago. The Scottish antiquary had been able to make little or nothing out of this letter, which was defective in places, and subsequent Defoe students had more or less ignored its existence, but the moment I read it one fact at least stood out plainly, to-wit: that Button had printed an edition of the "British Visions" in Newcastle, which had been put on sale in the North before copies were advertised

in London. If I had not previously known of the existence of the prophetic pamphlets and attributed them to Defoe, the letter would have remained as unintelligible to me as it did to Maidment. As it was, it made Defoe's authorship a certainty, and it cleared up statements found in the "British Visions" itself and in *The Review*. It showed farther that, as I had already surmised, Defoe, the rigidly trained Presbyterian, always liked to have at least a bit of truth at the bottom of his statements. The Newcastle provenance of his pamphlet enabled him to speak of it as something he had seen in the North months before he discussed it in *The Review*, and he was sufficiently adroit to write in such a way that credulous readers might accept his so-called predictions without suspecting his responsibility for them. Why he should have taken such pains with a trifling hoax, which can scarcely have brought him in much money, is hard to say, but that he played the prophet, whether for pleasure or for prospective gain, seems clear.

Another pamphlet of 1711 has had a different sort of light thrown on it by a letter written, not to Defoe, but by him. This is "Atalantis

Major," a tract dealing with contemporary Scottish politics, first attributed to Defoe by his biographer William Lee nearly sixty years ago. What Lee would have done had he lived to read in the report of the "Historical Manuscripts Commission on the Duke of Portland's Collections at Welbeck Abbey" (187, IV, 648) the letter of Dec. 26, 1710, which C. Guilot, *alias* Defoe, wrote Robert Harley from Edinburgh, is hard to imagine. Lee was a firm believer in his hero's probity, and it would surely have disconcerted him to find Defoe writing his employer that "two vile ill natured pamphlets" had fallen into his hands in manuscript, which he hoped he had succeeded in suppressing. One "The Scots Atalantis" may really not have seen the light; at any rate I have as yet traced no copy of it. The other named by Defoe "Atalantis Major" and correctly described as "a bitter invective against the Duke of Argyll, the Earl of Mar, and the election of the Peers" was undoubtedly printed later despite Defoe's vigilance, probably in London rather than in Edinburgh. Defoe thought it was certainly written by some Englishman, and he added, "I have some guess at the man, but dare not be posi-

tive." He believed it would be impossible for those interested in the tract to get it printed in Edinburgh after the measures he had taken, and he hoped to be able to send Harley a copy. Perhaps he did, for he admitted having the original by him, and if he did not compose that original, he was doubtless justified in regarding himself as a faithful agent and in writing the most important of the Queen's ministers, "I beg your favourable construction of my conduct in an age so nice as this."

Defoe does not say categorically in this letter that he did not write "Atalantis Major," but it is plain that he meant Harley to infer, not only that he did not write it, but that he would probably keep the objectionable tract from appearing. To accept the pamphlet is tantamount to accusing him of betraying his employer shortly after their relations had become close for the second time. I suspect that the loyal Lee, in the light of Defoe's letter, would have rejected his own ascription of "Atalantis Major" in order to save his hero's character. Today such a procedure would be highly naïve. Defoe's own letters have so completely confirmed the opinions of his contemporaries with regard to his

unscrupulousness that his character cannot be saved even by a biographer combining the genius of a partisan editorial writer with that of a leader at the criminal bar. Lee's attribution of "Atalantis Major" to the most prolific journalist of the age may therefore be allowed to stand or fall according to the amount of internal evidence of Defoe's authorship contained within its pages. In my own judgment this is overwhelming, and corroborative evidence may be obtained from other pamphlets. Here then is a case in which a bibliographer is forced to stand by the results of his analysis, even though he encounters a letter from the supposed author which makes against the ascription.

A more important illustration of the necessity of standing by the results of critical analysis in the face of conflicting evidence obtained from contemporary sources is furnished by a book which Defoe seems literally to have forged. This is "Minutes of the Negotiations of Monsr. Mesnager at the Court of England, Towards the close of the last Reign. Wherein Some of the most Secret Transactions of that Time, relating to the Interest of the Pretender,

and a Clandestine separate Peace, are detected and laid open. Written by Himself. Done out of French." It is an octavo of over three hundred pages, published at London about the middle of June 1717, for the obvious purpose of helping Defoe's former employer, Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford, whose trial for high treason was about to take place in Westminster Hall. It was superfluous, since Lord Oxford was shortly after acquitted, owing to a disagreement between the two houses of Parliament and the neglect of his prosecutors to appear. It failed moreover to gain credence as an historical work of importance, owing partly no doubt to the egregious blunders it contained, but chiefly to the fact that it was at once denounced by Abel Boyer, a Frenchman by birth then editing *The Political State of Great Britain*, as a forgery committed by Daniel Defoe. Defoe in a letter to a newspaper, which was reprinted in his own magazine *Mercurius Politicus*, denied this and other charges of disreputable authorship made by Boyer, but the latter's charge in the case of this book stuck, and even the faithful Lee included the volume in his list of Defoe's writings. When later the distin-

guished collector, James Crossley of Manchester, an authority on Defoe, whom he greatly admired, published in *Notes and Queries* Defoe's letter disclaiming the authorship of Mesnager's "Minutes," Lee was compelled to investigate the whole subject once more, with the result that he upheld in an elaborate article in the same periodical his previous attribution of the "Minutes" to Defoe. It would be tedious to repeat his arguments or to discuss the book farther than to say that, although there was a real Mesnager who took part in the negotiations that led up to the Treaty of Utrecht, no French original of this book of his making seems to be known, and that whoever forged it committed the almost incredible blunder of letting Mesnager refer to the death of Louis XIV, whereas the diplomat's demise preceded that of the monarch! Moreover, whoever translated it, if it was translated, retained or threw in many scraps of thoroughly impossible French.

How Lee managed to believe that Defoe forged these "Minutes" and still to retain his almost childlike trust in Defoe's integrity is a matter on which we need not speculate. One detail, however, apparently escaped him, and

this must be weighed. In *The Post Boy* for July 25-27, 1717, appeared an advertisement announcing a second edition of the "Minutes" and giving the following words as part of the title, "Done out of French, by Rowland Wynche Gent. To which is added by Way of Preface, a Vindication of the said Book from the Misrepresentations of Mr. A. Boyer; wherein its genuineness is made very clear by the Translator's testimony." Lee had known that this edition had been announced, but he had found no copy of it, and he had remained in ignorance of the reputed translator's name. If he had seen the advertisement in *The Post Boy* and ascertained the name of the translator, would he have been more successful in identifying Mr. Wynche than I have been, and would he still have maintained that Defoe wrote Mesnager's "Minutes"? Not being able to answer my own questions, I shall merely remark that Mr. Wynche has eluded me, that no copy of an edition bearing his name is known, and that it looks as if Defoe forged translator as well as translation of an original that never existed. Even if proofs of Mr. Wynche's existence in 1717 should be forthcoming, and a copy of his

second edition with its explanatory preface be found, I should still be unable to believe the resuscitated gentleman's statements, and should consider him the tool instead of the creation of Daniel Defoe. For not only does there appear to have been no French original for Mr. Wynche or anyone else to translate, but Mesnager's "Minutes" simply brims over with all the known characteristics of Defoe's style. I hold with Lee that the evidence is probably stronger that he wrote Mesnager's "Minutes" than that he wrote "Robinson Crusoe" some two years later, which is saying a good deal.

Why he should have forged a book in order to help a man with whom he had broken will probably remain a mystery. But after Boyer had pointed to him as the forger, he simply had to defend himself. Lee has shown that he would probably have got into serious trouble with Lord Sunderland, under whom he served as a secret-agent, if that nobleman had known him to be the author of a book written in defense of Lord Oxford. There were other reasons for his keeping the matter secret, and hence I believe that he managed to get that advertisement inserted in a newspaper notori-

ously hostile to Boyer, and that instead of running the risk of really putting out a second edition bearing Rowland Wynche's name, he contented himself with having a title-page bearing the imprint "Amsterdam" set up in London and inserted in some copies along with the original title-page. This innocent trick can have deceived few readers, and, although the "Minutes" did reach a second edition in 1736, they have received scarcely any attention from historians. Yet they are interesting, and Defoe, from his exceptional knowledge of the political intrigues of his time, may have managed to hide away some truth in his discredited pages. At any rate, despite all his attempts to disguise and defend himself, he stands revealed and helpless as a forger of would-be historical memoirs, and although one cannot too much admire his versatility, one cannot but doubt his prudence and regret his dishonesty.

Problems somewhat different and in a way more difficult are presented by a book published three years later, with which Defoe's name has long been associated—his biography of the deaf and dumb conjurer and seer Duncan Campbell, who was a real celebrity of the Lon-

don of Queen Anne. We may set to one side many small questions relating to the genesis of this interesting book, the editions issued, and the extent to which it is to be regarded as a work of collaboration. We may dispense also with such details of Campbell's unsavoury career as a minute search of the newspapers of the day will afford. These matters all have their value to the student of Defoe, but the general reader is more likely to find his account in an answer to the following query: How is it that the biography of Duncan Campbell is included in all the chief editions of Defoe's works, when it has been known for nearly two centuries that one of the early editions bears on its title-page the words "By William Bond, Esq; Of Bury St. Edmond's, Suffolk?" Bond was sufficiently alive in the early eighteenth century to secure himself a short, unsatisfactory article in the Dictionary of National Biography. He was a satellite of Addison and of Aaron Hill, and something of a translator, a journalist, a poet, and an actor. Curll, who published the biography of Campbell, published also for Bond. There is apparently no statement by Defoe extant in which he laid claim to the authorship of

the biography of Campbell, and, although he was quick to defend himself in another case when he thought his rights in a book imperilled, he seems to have remained silent when the name of Bond appeared on the title-page of "The Supernatural Philosopher: or the Mysteries of Magick, In all its Branches, clearly Unfolded," which is merely a reissue in 1728, with a new title-page, of what appeared in 1720 as "The History of the Life and Adventures of Mr. Duncan Campbell, a Gentleman, who, tho' Deaf and Dumb, writes down any Stranger's Name at first Sight; with their future Contingencies of Fortune. Now Living In Exeter Court over-against the Savoy in the Strand." Mr. Campbell was a remarkable person, but almost as remarkable, though in a very different way, are the editors and students of Defoe who have continued to assign to that prolific worthy the biography of Campbell without according the slightest consideration to the claim of Bond.

Not being able so jauntily to avoid laborious research, I have spent much time over Campbell, Bond, other members of Campbell's group, Defoe at the time the biography of Campbell appeared, and, last but not least, the book itself.

Much still remains obscure even after the careful researches of Professor George F. Whicher into the part played by Mrs. Eliza Haywood in the exploitation of Campbell; but I have at least a plausible solution of the main riddle to offer. It seems clear that Campbell's repute as a conjurer was on the decline, and that an effort was made to revive it and to gain some money for him by publishing an account of his life and a description of his powers. It is easy to show that the book did not appear until long after it was first announced as in preparation, and that in the interim Defoe and Bond were to all appearances involved in a journalistic squabble. Defoe too was not on good terms with Curll who published the biography. There is no reason to doubt that Bond was at one time an intimate friend of Campbell, and that the conjurer, if the notion of a biography or an autobiography came to him, would naturally have turned to such a person for assistance. Later he turned for similar assistance to the novelist Eliza Haywood, but while it is not difficult to connect her with a posthumous volume of "Secret Memoirs" dealing with the conjurer and quack, it is rather hazardous to connect her in

any way with the biography of 1720, the book that is puzzling us. On the surface, then, the few facts discoverable point to Bond as the probable biographer, who at first sent out his book anonymously, but in 1728 tried to sell a few more copies by issuing the unsold sheets with a new title-page bearing his name.

But in all this we reckon without the book itself. Turning to that we discover abundant reason for the long tradition that has connected it with Defoe, and for its inclusion in the chief editions of his works. It was nobody but Defoe who could so describe the birth and career of Campbell and so discuss "Inchantment, Necromancy, Geomancy, Hydromancy, Æromancy, Pyromancy, Chiromancy, Augury, and Aruspicy," to quote the title-page of 1728. There are a few places in which one may suspect traces of another hand, but the mass of the book is Defoe's, or else belongs to that Devil of whom he later wrote a "Political History." In other words, while the external facts, such as we have, point to Bond, the internal point as strongly or more strongly to Defoe.

In this dilemma the "Epistle Dedicatory" signed by Duncan Campbell, but scarcely of his

writing, comes to our assistance. It uses at its close the following words: *"I will here say no more, nor hinder you any longer, Gentlemen and Ladies, from the Diversion which my good old Friend, who is now departed this Life, has prepared for you in his Book, which a young Gentleman of my Acquaintance revised,"* etc.

What if the writer of this "Epistle" designed to give us, or involuntarily gave us, a clue to our mystery? Defoe in his latter years was fond of referring to himself as an old gentleman, and he would have had no hesitation in representing himself as dead, especially if, on receipt of a cash price, he had no farther interest in a book written to order. What if, as a few external facts seem to indicate, Campbell arranged with Bond for the preparation of the volume, and the latter, through laziness, incompetence, or lack of time secured as his collaborator the most competent miscellaneous author then living? What if the journalistic squabble between Bond and Defoe and the delay in the publication of the biography had their origin in disputes that arose between the collaborators? What if Bond did do enough revising of Defoe's manuscript to justify him in his own

eyes at that time of easy literary morals in setting his own name to the reissue of 1728? Would Defoe, if he sold his manuscript outright and subject to revision, have felt it worth while to claim the book as his and to enter into a controversy over the matter, especially when he knew that the biography had not proved to be a commercial success? Or may not Bond and Curll have secured his silence through a small gratuity? One man's guess in such matters is perhaps as good as another's, but I think that I have at least brought to light enough facts to show that Bond had some small connection with "The History of the Life and Adventures of Mr. Duncan Campbell," yet that Defoe was so completely its author in a large sense that its inclusion in his works is amply justified.

The last book I shall discuss bears in all editions another name than Defoe's, and, unlike the biography of Campbell, is included only in some, not in all of the bibliographies and the editions of the works. This is the comparatively well-known "Memoirs" bearing the name of Capt. George Carleton, which has been largely relied on by biographers of Peterborough and by historians who have dealt with the strictly

Spanish portions of the War of the Spanish Succession. The book was an expensive one and sold poorly, at least four issues under differing title-pages having been needed to exhaust the original sheets between 1728 and 1743. It was little cited in the eighteenth century, and sometimes was sold as a work of fiction, but Dr. Johnson, who was interested in Lord Peterborough's romantic career, praised it and regarded it as genuine, and early in the nineteenth century Sir Walter Scott published a new edition as a valuable contribution to history. Unfortunately Sir Walter made no research to speak of, and later historians of Queen Anne's reign who relied on the volume, Stanhope, Burton, and others, did not go far beyond him in this respect, with the result that the Dictionary of National Biography, through the pen of Mr. John Ormsby, furnished Captain Carleton with a small place among the worthies of Great Britain. Meanwhile the "Memoirs" had been constantly sold as Defoe's, and had been included in some editions of his works, but as no good reasons had been given for this inclusion, as Lee and Crossley, Defoe's stout champions, both rejected the work, and as there was documen-

tary evidence to the existence of a real Capt. George Carleton who had served in Spain, perhaps the biographers and historians who relied on the "Memoirs" were not greatly to blame.

Some thirty-two years ago, however, they were taken seriously to task, when a competent military historian appeared in the person of Lt. Col. the Hon. Arthur Parnell. He followed up the attack begun in his "History" of the great war in an elaborate article in *The English Historical Review* for 1890, in which he demolished the credibility of the "Memoirs" as history, while bringing forward details as to the real Captain Carleton and investigating with great thoroughness the fortunes of the book of which that veteran was the putative author. He regarded the "Memoirs" as a work designed to bolster up the declining reputation of Peterborough, and as being essentially a piece of fiction, but he rejected Defoe's authorship and substituted that of no less a person than Peterborough's friend, Dean Swift. To do justice to this acute article would require another just as long, and as Colonel Parnell took about fifty large pages to present his case, I am sure I shall be excused for declining the task of answering.

It must suffice to say that, while Colonel Parnell's view that Carleton's "Memoirs" is essentially fiction and his account of their supposed author have secured assent, his rejection of Defoe and substitution of Swift as compiler cannot be regarded as established. The late Sir Leslie Stephen would not accept the book as Swift's, and in a series of able articles published in *The Academy* not many years after the appearance of Colonel Parnell's essay that accomplished scholar, the late C. E. Doble, argued convincingly, I think, against Swift and in favor of Defoe, to whom a tradition of considerable standing had assigned the volume. For my own part I long put off an intensive study of the "Memoirs," partly because of my respect for the verdicts of Lee and Crossley, partly because I had accidentally missed seeing Mr. Doble's articles. Before finally reading them I had, however, come to the book in due course, and had subjected it to thorough study, arriving at Mr. Doble's conclusions independently, although often employing the same facts and arguments. I shall not recount in detail my own procedure, my ascertainment of the exact date of the first issue and consequent demolition

of one of Colonel Parnell's arguments in favor of Swift, or my differences of finding with regard to other points whether made by Parnell or by Doble. But I will say that having since purchased numerous copies of Defoe's works owned by Mr. Doble, I now possess manuscript evidence of the great care with which that fine and lamented scholar investigated the problems connected with this book, and I will give an anecdote showing how, without knowledge of his researches, I came to his main conclusion.

After four readings of the "Memoirs" I had been led by a mass of internal evidence of style and substance to give them provisionally to Defoe, but I still lacked some clinching bit of testimony that would make me certain of his authorship. So I resolved to read the book through once more to see whether any new evidence would present itself. It so happened that as I was nearing the end I was sitting alone, late at night, in a house rented for the summer, with my feet elevated in a fashion said to be agreeable to most Americans, but scarcely worthy of public exposure. It had, to say the least, nothing of scholarly rigidity about it, but my mind was none the less keen upon the prob-

lem that occupied it. I still held to Defoe's authorship, but I still lacked my clinching proof. Suddenly I found myself reading Carleton's account of how on his release from the small Spanish town where he had been a prisoner of war he began his journey homeward. He was to pass through Madrid, and my mind began to go forward with him. "I'll bet," said I to myself, "that if Defoe really wrote this book, he will not let Carleton get away from Madrid without making him tell that anecdote about the river and the bridge."

Now I must inform the lay reader that one of the most abiding and revelatory characteristics of Defoe as a writer is his gift for telling little anecdotes and his remorseless habit of repeating them. Between my fourth and my fifth reading of Carleton's "Memoirs" I had had occasion to make a second study of the third volume of Defoe's "Tour," which deals with Scotland. I had noticed with amusement that in that volume he had told no less than twice with apparent gusto a story to the effect that when some one showed a French diplomat a fine bridge built by some king over the little river on which Madrid stands, the distinguished vis-

itor, after expressing due admiration of the structure, had remarked that now only one thing more was needed, to-wit, that his majesty should get a real river to flow under that big bridge. This anecdote had tickled Defoe when he was writing a book published in 1727, and I felt reasonably certain that, if he had anything to do with a book published in 1728 that mentioned Madrid, he would drag it in again. So, with Carleton going to Madrid, I read on almost breathlessly, and within a few pages I was clapping one hand to one leg in a primitive expression of delight. Slightly altered but still intact, the bridge anecdote, unlike the long waited for ship of my fortune, had hove in sight!

What wonder that since that night it has been beyond the power of mortal man to convince me that Defoe did not compile at least a portion of Carleton's "Memoirs" for its reputed author. As well try to convince an astronomer, whose calculations have led him to predict the appearance of a new planet, that sooner or later the unseen luminary will not burst upon some gazer's sight. Astronomy is not the only study that imparts pleasure to its votaries.

But it is time to bring to a close these selected experiences of a self-constituted tracker of that Proteus among writers, Defoe. No one will ever bind him down as the beekeeper Aristaeus did the sea-god in the *Georgics* and the *Fasti*; but I flatter myself that I have sometimes got so close to the heels of the old fox as to make his ghost tremble. I am very sure that I am able to adduce good reasons for believing that he aided a real or a fictitious Captain George Roberts to describe his adventures in the Cape Verde Islands, and that he compiled for an actual Robert Drury the interesting book on Madagascar that has given that worthy, like Carleton, a place in the *Dictionary of National Biography*. Other questionable biographies of the period are under investigation, and fully nine-tenths of the tracts assigned to Defoe by contemporaries, but rejected by later biographers, who wished to save his reputation for honesty and consistency, will be restored to his bibliography if I live to see my ten volumes through the press. Perhaps as interesting a minor result of my detective work as any is the fact that I think I can show that Defoe was the editor who first gave to the world in 1714 those "Memoirs of the Af-

fairs of Scotland" by Colin Lindsay, third Earl of Balcarres, which have since been of such importance to historians. To show that Defoe had anything to do with a document used by historians ought to be a fact of sinister import to them, but in this case an examination of a contemporary manuscript and a comparison with the edition of 1754 leave me convinced that Defoe merely supplied a short introduction and did not tamper seriously, if at all, with the text. I am afraid that Scottish historians have too trustfully accepted Lord Lindsay's revised edition of the "Memoirs" printed for the Bannatyne Club, which appears to me to be a sophisticated version, but the man who studies Defoe has so much to do that he ought to avoid poaching on other people's preserves.

REPORTS OF THE SECRETARY AND
THE TREASURER

SECRETARY'S REPORT

To the Members:

The nineteenth annual meeting of the Bibliophile Society was held at Room 834 Little Building, Boston, Massachusetts, on Friday, April 9, 1920. The Treasurer's report was read and approved, and the Council and officers were elected for the year 1920, as follows: *Council*, William D. T. Trefry, William P. Trent, Henry H. Harper, J. Arnold Farrer, Henry Cabot Lodge, William Lindsey, and Edward C. Robinson. *President*, William D. T. Trefry; *Vice-president*, William P. Trent; *Treasurer*, Henry H. Harper; *Secretary*, J. Arnold Farrer.

J. ARNOLD FARRER,
Secretary

TREASURER'S REPORT

STATEMENT OF CONDITION YEAR ENDING

December 31, 1919

INCOME AND LIABILITIES

Irving Journals	\$13,893.00
Eighteenth Year Book and Fielding	7,680.00
Initiation Fees and Interest.....	784.60
	\$22,357.60
Surplus and Working Fund.....	13,025.00
Total	\$35,382.60

ASSETS AND DISBURSEMENTS

Due from Members.....	\$ 6,060.79*
Invested in Unfinished Publi- cations	3,789.17
Cash in Bank.....	2,556.65
General and Publication Ex- pense	22,357.60
Miscellaneous	618.39
Total	\$35,382.60

* The Year Book and Fielding volume had just been delivered, and were only partly paid for.

LIABILITIES	
Surplus and Working Capital....	\$13,025.00
ASSETS	
Unfinished Publications.....	\$ 3,789.17
Due from Members.....	6,060.79
Cash in Bank.....	2,556.65
Miscellaneous Account.....	618.39
Total	\$13,025.00
Approved:	
SETCHELL AND LUTHER, <i>Certified Public Accountants</i>	

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- 1916—POEMS BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON (2 vols.),
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- 1918—LETTERS OF MARY W. SHELLEY, \$10.50
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LII

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CONSTITUTION AND BY-LAWS OF
THE BIBLIOPHILE SOCIETY

CONSTITUTION AND BY-LAWS OF THE BIBLIOPHILE SOCIETY

ARTICLE I

NAME AND OBJECT

SECTION 1. This Society shall be called The Bibliophile Society.

SECT. 2. Its object shall be the study and promotion of the arts pertaining to fine book-making and illustrating, and the occasional publication of specially designed and illustrated books, for distribution among its members at a minimum cost of production.

ARTICLE II

ORIGIN AND MEMBERSHIP

SECT. 1. This Society is founded by Nathan Haskell Dole, Charles E. Hurd, William D. T. Trefry, Henry H. Harper, J. Arnold Farrer, W. P. Trent, and John Paul Bocock, who constitute themselves its members, together with others who may be elected as hereinafter provided.

ARTICLE III

MEETINGS

SECT. 1. Annual meetings of The Bibliophile Society shall be held in Boston, Mass., on the first Tues-

day in January of each year, and five (5) members shall constitute a quorum at all meetings of the Society.

ARTICLE IV

GOVERNMENT

SECT. 1. The government and management of this Society is entrusted to a Council, composed of seven of its members, who shall exercise the usual powers of a Board of Directors, in accordance with the Act under which the Society is incorporated.

SECT. 2. The Directors named on the certificate of incorporation shall hold office until their successors shall be elected. There shall be held an annual meeting of the Council on the first Tuesday in January of each year, for the purpose of transacting such business as may come before the Society. At any such meeting, any officer or director may be removed from office by a majority vote of the entire Council.

SECT. 3. Members to fill vacancies in the Council in the interim between any two regular annual meetings, may be appointed by the President. They shall hold office until a successor is elected.

SECT. 4. The officers of this Society shall consist of a President, Vice-President, Secretary, and Treasurer. The Council shall be chosen annually by the members. The Secretary and Treasurer shall be chosen by the members of the Society.

ARTICLE V

THE COUNCIL

SECT. 1. The Council shall elect annually from its own number a President and Vice-President of the Society, who shall hold office until their successors are elected.

SECT. 2. The Council shall have power to admit, by ballot, candidates for membership in the Society. Two ballots cast in the negative shall exclude any candidate.

SECT. 3. The Council shall have power to expel or suspend any member of the Society by a majority vote, after giving one month's previous notice in writing to such member, setting forth cause for expulsion.

SECT. 4. If any member shall pass three successive publications of the Society, such failure to subscribe for the works issued shall be construed as an implied lack of interest in the Society, and such member may be dropped from the rolls at the discretion of the Council.

SECT. 5. The Council shall have power to make rules for its own government.

ARTICLE VI

THE PRESIDENT

SECT. 1. The President shall preside at the meetings of the Society or of the Council, and in his absence the Vice-President shall preside.

ARTICLE VII

THE TREASURER

SECT. 1. The Treasurer shall collect all initiation fees, and shall keep the accounts of the Society. It shall be his duty to collect all moneys due the Society, and to render at each annual meeting a statement showing the receipt and expenditure of such ; and he shall have the custody of the funds and accounts of the Society, and sign all checks, acceptances, and other obligations issued by the Society.

ARTICLE VIII

THE SECRETARY

SECT. 1. The Secretary shall give notice of all annual meetings of the Society seven days before date of meeting, and shall keep an accurate record of the proceedings of such meetings.

ARTICLE IX

MEMBERSHIP

SECT. 1. Application for membership must be submitted to the Society in writing, and passed upon by the Council.

SECT. 2. The membership of this Society shall be limited to five hundred members, to which no one not having attained majority shall be eligible, and it is desired to include in the membership only representative people who are interested in limited publications and rare books, from the standpoint of their true literary

and artistic worth; the Society reserving the right to reject any application for membership without assigning cause.

SECT. 3. No act or deed of any officer, member, board of selection, or committee of this Society shall bind any individual member thereof to any obligation without his (or her) voluntary acquiescence in writing addressed to the Society, and in such case the amount of the obligation shall be stipulated.

ARTICLE X

ENTRANCE FEE

SECT. 1. The entrance fee for each member shall be \$10.00. There shall be an annual due of fifteen dollars. If payment of the entrance fee is not made within thirty days after the election of a member, the membership may be declared void by the Council.

ARTICLE XI

MEETINGS OF THE COUNCIL

SECT. 1. The Council may meet at such time and place as it may elect.

SECT. 2. A majority of the Council shall constitute a quorum.

ARTICLE XII

COMMITTEES

SECT. 1. The Council shall in itself constitute a committee of selection, whose duty it shall be to determine upon the advisability of publishing such works or

edition of works as may be recommended to the Society. A majority vote shall govern in all cases.

ARTICLE XIII

PUBLICATIONS

SECT. 1. The Society solicits the coöperation of its members in suggesting and recommending suitable works for publication. All such suggestions and recommendations shall be submitted to the Council, who will print a list of the most desirable works under consideration, a copy of which list shall be mailed to each member of the Society, with the request that all members shall indicate their preference of one from among the works suggested (it being understood that such act shall in no case be construed as an obligation upon the part of the member to subscribe for a copy of such work), and the work receiving the largest number of votes shall be taken under advisement by the Council, whose duty it shall be to ascertain the cost of production, and to report to all members of the Society the name, number of volumes, terms of subscription, and price of such work; then, if within thirty days the Society shall receive a sufficient number of membership subscriptions to justify the work will be undertaken.

SECT. 2. In no case may the total number of copies of any edition issued exceed the enrolled membership of the Society, which shall be limited to five hundred.

SECT. 3. No subscription may be received for any publication of the Society later than six months following the announcement of such publication except by

special permission of the Council, who may at their discretion declare an edition closed within thirty days from the date of announcement.

SECT. 4. In no case shall a copy of any publication issued by this Society be offered for sale to a non-member, except by special authorization by the Council.

SECT. 5. Any member failing to pay an obligation within sixty days after having been notified in writing of the same, shall be subject to expulsion from the membership at the discretion of the Council.

ARTICLE XIV

CONSTRUCTION OF CONSTITUTION AND BY-LAWS, AND
PROVISION FOR SUCH OTHER AND FURTHER RULES
AND REGULATIONS AS ARE NOT PROVIDED
FOR IN SAME

SECT. 1. In respect to all questions of construction of the constitution and by-laws, the decision of the Council shall control and be binding.

SECT. 2. The Council shall make such other and further rules and regulations for the government of the Society as in their judgment are required.

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